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PUBLIC LEADER
MAYSVILLE, KY.

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Correspondents will please give facts as briefly as possible. When anything of great importance occurs use the Telegraph or the Telephone at our expense.

SPRINGDALE.

Miss Tillie Applegate of Sandhill visited friends here Monday.

Mrs. Sue Pigg of Maysville was calling on friends here Saturday.

Mr. O. J. Cobb has the contract for erecting a residence for Mr. T. Ryan near Shellrock.

Mrs. Mattie Glascock, after a year's visit with relatives in Illinois, has returned to her home near Rectortown.

The family of Mr. D. S. Fletcher is prostrated with measles. Mr. Fletcher himself having had them in his youth.

Mrs. C. C. Degman, accompanied by Mrs. G. W. Hook and Master J. J. Hook, visited friends and relations in the Stonelick neighborhood Tuesday.

PROF. REGANSTINE'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED THURSDAY AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF ODDFELLOWSHIP.

As promised in yesterday's LEDGER, the admirable address of Professor E. Reganstine, delivered at the Anniversary Celebration of Oddfellowship in this city Thursday afternoon, is given in full below:

THE OBJECTS OF ODDFELLOWSHIP. Frequenters of banquets and anniversaries are aware that the chief requisite of most of those who make addresses on occasions like this seems to be their complete ignorance of the subject as signed them. Like Mark Twain in his famous "Essay on Milk," they talk about everything but their subject, and apparently know nothing about that. I once heard of a certain practitioner at the bar who was called Old Necessity, because it has become a proverb that necessity knows no law. Perhaps I am the Old Necessity of this glittering and splendid occasion. Perhaps the very reason why I was asked to make an address this afternoon was because of the clearly defined impression in the minds of the committee that I knew so little of the subject that it might safely be entrusted to me. Being an Oddfellow for so short a time, and having to make this talk, reminds me of the old country parson who advertised as follows: "Wanted—A good, stout horse to do a poor country Minister's work." I feel like advertising for a good, stout Oddfellow horse, and not another kind of a donkey, to do my work here; and if it were not for the fact that we men of Lewis county nativity are noted for our extreme modesty I should certainly crawl into a hole. I may yet get there before I get through.

I can assure you, therefore, Noble Grand, that the topic has already become a painful one to me by reason of the uncertainty in which my relation to it is involved; and were it not for the "reasonable doubt," of which the law gives every criminal the benefit, I would feel unable to proceed. Fortified, however, by the fact that the law presumes me to be guilty of knowledge, at least until this speech shall have proven me innocent, I shall persevere to the bitter end.

Celebrations of the anniversaries of heroes and statesmen, of battlefields and significant events, have as a rule only a historical interest. They lack the freshness and passion of touch and attachment. It is the habit of peoples to defy their heroes. After a few generations they are stripped of every semblance to humanity. We can reach no plane where after the lapse of half a century we can view Washington or Clay as one of ourselves. They come to us as perfect—full, rounded, and complete—that they are devoid of the defects which make it possible for us to love greatness. But this is not true of a living, growing organization. We see its accomplishments; we feel its influence; we behold its power. It stands forth as a living exemplar of what has been, of what is, of what may still be. All this is eminently true of Oddfellowship. It stands today as some mighty temple lifting its dome heavenward, erected by the hand of philanthropy, preserved by a spirit of brotherly love and whose vestal fires are kept burning day and night in the interest of helpless humanity.

In all ages of the world the secret of success in appealing to the people has been directness and lucidity. It is this power of condensation and clearness that has made both men and organizations famous. Caesar had it when he said, "I came, I saw, I conquered." Cromwell had it when he cried to his soldiers, "Put your trust in God and keep your powder dry." Martin Luther had it when he said, "Here I stand. I can do none other. God help me." Napoleon had it when, before the battle of the Pyramids, he called on his soldiers to remember that forty centuries looked down upon them. Patrick Henry had it when he uttered those few sentences which have been the inspiration of the school books since colonial days.

Webster had it when he said "Liberty and union, now and inseparable, now and forever." Grant had it when he said, "I propose that it be on the line if it takes all summer." Lincoln had it when he expressed the principle and policy of this country towards the Louisiana purchase by saying "The Mississippi shall go unrevoked to the sea." And the founders of our beloved Order had it when they published to the world the simple yet the undying motto, "Friendship, Love and Truth."

I might here take up each of these cardinal principles separately and give an elaborate discussion as to their meaning and practice, but so much has been written and said pertaining to these virtues that I deem it wholly unnecessary. Grand as is our own Order, magnificent and marvellous as is the fraternity held together by these three links, it is its soul rather than its body, the jewel rather than the casket containing it, which attracts my thought today and impels me to invite yours.

And in what assembly could such a theme be more properly contemplated and discussed than that in which I today find myself; for I see around me a group of my fellow-countrymen, called together by a common impulse of loyal observance and contemplation, animated by a spirit of public interest, seeking only to promote the cause of humanity and the welfare of all classes, through the organization and maintenance of a fraternity as one of the most efficient means to that great end. If you were to ask me today what feature of Oddfellowship most strongly commends the Order to me I would reply to you in the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln: "Because it is an organization of the people, by the people and for the people." Its advocacy of the universal brotherhood of man is in itself the very life blood of the Order. Its mission is not to a favored few, but to every creature that bears the "image and likeness of the Creator."

The longer I gaze on the world's broad battlefield, the more I see of humanity in its various phases, the closer I come in touch with the great heart-throbs of the masses, the stronger becomes my attachment to the cause of the great common people of this country. I believe in the equality, if not the superiority, of American manhood as compared with any distinctive class that exists or ever has existed. And I thank God today that our Order is a democracy, has been "forever dedicated to the proposition that all men are free and equal."

Since our Nation has called to its head men from the lowliest stations in life; since our armies have been drawn from the ranks of the humble and obscure; since our best literature has been written by men who have stood face to face with the stern realities of existence; since men have held up lamps in the wilderness to give light to the Nations, and while living on the hard crust of penury have broken the bread of knowledge and religion to the starving millions of the race, labor has been elevated to an eminence that towers proudly above her heritage. And the day is fast approaching when the sincere bread-winner who stands daily at the heated forge and the honest yeoman who plods wearily in the newly-made furrow will receive as much recognition as the merchant speculator, rolling in his liveried carriage down the spacious avenues of some metropolitan city and tracing his ancestry back to some bigoted prince or potentate. The question today is not what your great-grandfather was, nor what your great-uncle might have been, nor what you may be or will be, but what you are. Individuality is the supreme test to which every man is put by a criticising public; and by reason of their individual talent and genius, men are willing to step into the arena and challenge conflict and defy opposition are rated considerably above par, while on the other hand, by reason of gambling princes and drunken "blue-bloods," ancestry, at the present, is a thoroughly poor demand.

Then if there is one thing above all other things which makes me proud to wear the sacred robes of our Order it is because here in a Lodge of Oddfellows no Brother is compelled to struggle against the spirit of caste or the power of tradition. To gain admittance here he has no certificate except the respect of his fellowmen; with no creed, but an unwavering faith in Almighty God, and with no heritage save that of an honest man. It matters not from what station in life he may come or in what garb he may be clad, when he has once crossed our threshold he is at best and at worst a Brother among Brothers. Here only true worth is recognized and honors are only conferred on the basis of merit; and our disposition is to let all those who will revel in the pleasures and dissipations of Dives; but we prefer to take our chances with Lazarus. Then, my brethren, there is one thought for which I would claim, your most devout contemplation. Engrave it on your memories; write it on your hearts, that one of the great, one of the supreme objects of Oddfellowship, is to eliminate the spirit of social caste from the ranks of respectable mankind; to break down the barriers between the masses and the classes and to forever settle the great question of man's relation to man.

Oddfellowship is intended to be one vast home with its doors open to almost every class, through which the weary traveler may enter and find rest and relief. It matters not if he be stranded in the icy regions of the North, or sojourn beneath the burning suns of the South, or breathe the unaccustomed air of foreign lands; here he may find if necessary, financial aid; here he may receive counsel; here will be bestowed on him many kindnesses, that will cause him to look back through the long weary years of his wanderings to the home of his childhood. And while to him "Most weary may seem the sea, weary the oar, weary the wandering fields of barren foam, the chain of the emblematic three links may lengthen, but it never breaks."

But the soul of Oddfellowship is charity. The one grand object of the Order is to ameliorate the condition of mankind. "Charity," says a distinguished writer, "is the chief of virtues." It is the foundation, forms the cornerstone, keys the towering arch and binds the whole temple together. Its charity is universal in its spirit—a charity that is ignorant of geographical limits, a charity that is careless of the color of the skin. Back through its long, glorious career there is but little else found to make up the great volume of its history save deeds of charity. Deeds, many of which have never been recorded by the hand of man, but which the golden book of life they are written in letters of eternal splendor.

It has visited the sick room and the death chamber and carried with it comfort and consolation. Widows have turned to it their wailing eyes and stretched out their wasted arms, asking for help. Orphans have come crawling at its feet, and it has taken them by the hand and lifted them up and guided them through a long and uncertain career to a starry manhood and a noble old age. And over all its celestial Lodge above, the All-seeing eye has beamed down smiles of approval; because the spirit of its benevolence is the spirit of the Christ.

Charity! What a world of meaning is in the word! To the homeless wanderer it is as healing sent on wings of sleep, or dew to the unconscious flower. To the hovel of the poor it is as golden

sunshine—blessed light of happier days. It may serve as the cross to which the betrayed maiden clings for salvation and anchors her hope for pardon and futurity. To the man of vice it is the Bethlehem star that may lead him unto eternal joy. Brother Oddfellow, let the sun-rays of charity sweep your pathway, and each deed done in its holy name will insure to your everlasting credit in the eternal record.

The present day sees the ablest and richest leaders devoutly kneeling in the temple of Mammon, holding in their hands urns filled with gold and precious jewels—rich offerings to their God. The pathetic wail of Hiawatha for his poor Minnehaha in the cabin of famine never reaches their aching hearts. They willfully shun that lowly mantle which "covereth a multitude of sins." So follow not their example; but let your ties of friendship environ brother and wife and child with a mail stronger than that of the valiant knight of old. Ever keep burnished the armor of your manhood and character, and let the sun-rays of charity be felt wherever you are.

It might not be out of order here to speak of the devotion of a Brother to his Order. It is only equaled by that of Pygmalion for his statue. Pygmalion was a sculptor, and with his skilled hand he chiseled a statue that was more beautiful than the form of any living woman. It looked like the workmanship of Nature. He fell in love with his own creation, and caressed, and like unto a girl, he made it presents of flowers, birds, bright shells and beads of amber. At the festival of Venus, before the altars of the goddess were offered, Pygmalion timidly said, "Ye gods, who can do all things, give me, I pray you, for my wife"—but said instead, "One like my ivory virgin." Venus heard the prayer, and causing the flame on the altar to shoot up thrice to a fiery point, gave life to the subject of his creation.

And so the true Oddfellow regards his Order in the same light as his home. He lays upon its altar his time and his money. He serves it in health. He prays to it in sickness, and his earnest desire and prayer is, that when his soul is cut loose from its earthly moorings, and the pale signet of death be stamped upon his brow, that the unbroken circle fence in his last resting-place, and the sacred rites of our Order be the last to be pronounced over his unconscious dust.

The cycle of a single century has not yet been completed since Oddfellowship was organized on this side of the Atlantic; and yet its welcome ceremonies are today observed in almost every

city, town and village of this magnificent Republic, upon whose shores break the waves of two oceans. Its growth has been silent, steady and marvelous. Its advances have not been made—

"With of the roll of the stirring drum, Or the trumpet that sings the fame;" but it commands the respect of every one of America's teeming millions. Dreams of greatness cannot alienate it from the principles that have gained for it an enviable record. Visions of power cannot cause it to deviate from them, for they have directed it in the pathway of its greatness and gained for it the smiles of public favor.

You talk of the glorious history of Oddfellowship; I talk of its glorious future. All that it has done is as nothing compared to its future possibilities. I believe, in comparison with what it shall be, it is a mere child, or a little bundle of charitable possibilities. It needs no marble shaft to rear its head to heaven to tell posterity of its fame; no brass statue with blazing torch to light the vista of the ages. Its deeds, its noble deeds, its sublime character will live forever in the hearts of mankind. When the end of time is announced and the recording angel draws aside the curtains of heaven, on the great scroll will be written in letters of living light among the grandest organizations of all time, the name of Oddfellowship. Brethren, the spirit of the Apostle on Mars Hill, the spirit of the Barons at Runnymede, the spirit of the founders of the Republic, the spirit of the Christian religion is with us. We are the heirs of it; and it is for us to carry it on and perpetuate it. It is the glory of a past example that can be adapted to existing circumstances and changing conditions.

And now in conclusion I would say to each and every Oddfellow present—those of you who have come from neighboring institutions and those of you who represent Maysville's Lodges—plant anew in your respective localities the old standard of Oddfellowship and beat the long roll. Summon the hosts of philanthropy and set your ranks in order. If any fear the battle, send him to the rear. If any will not serve God but prefer Mammon, give him over to the outer world; and in the light of our Order's destiny, go where the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth lead the way, to fight humanity's battles and win humanity's victories.

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"I consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the best in the world for bronchitis," says Mr. William Savory, of Warrington, England. "It has saved my wife's life, she having been a martyr to bronchitis for over six years, being most of the time confined to her bed. She is now quite well." Sold by J. Jas. Wood & Son, Druggists.

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